

Claence Alvin Waln was born Nov. 24, 1887 to Robert Arnold Waln and Eva Tull Waln. He was born on Spring Creek. He had three sisters and three brothers. His sister, Grace, died Jan. 14, 1892, his sister, Clytie, died June 7, 1910, and his mother March 9, 1907. His father died March 10, 1914. They all had T.B. and are buried in the Waln Cemetery on Spring Creek.

Florence Pearl Brown was born to Franklin Harris Brown and Eliza Arledge Brown March 12, 1893 in Cherry County, Nebr. She came to the Big Trails country with her parents in October 1898. Her grandparents and three aunts lived in the area when she came to Wyo. There were 10 children in her family, and her parents raised her sister, Huldah's three children.

Florence and Clarence attended the Big Trails school when she was in the first grade, along with the Helmer boys, the Ainsworth boys, Clarence's cousin, Hally Waln, George Coleman, and Florence's brother and sisters.

Clarence and Florence were married in Worland by H.E. Sheperd, minister of the Gospel, July 1, 1914. Florence's cousin, Joe Helmer and her sister Stella stood up with them. George Muirhead took them for a ride in his car that evening.

They lived on the home place on Spring Creek. Clarence's brother, Reece, and his sister, Eula, lived with them for awhile. They took a homestead on the mountain above the ranch where they took the sheep in summer. In order to live on the homestead they required number of months, Florence had to stay after the sheep were brought down. She often told how afraid she was to be there alone. Sometimes her sister or neice came to be with her. They had a "Murphy Bed" in the cabin. It pushed up into a cabinet when not in use and let down at night.

When the Browns were in Nebr., the children pretended tumble weeds were their horsed. They tied strings on them and tied them to the fence at night so the wind would not blow them away.

Stella and Florence were quite close, and they did things together. Once when their parents thought someone was getting in the root cellar, they waited till evening and then smoothed the dirt in the cellar entryway. When they went back the next morning to check, there were boot tracks. One boot had a run-over heel. You can be sure they watched very closely when men came to get their mail. Another time Stella and Florence went to the barn in the evening. They thought they saw someone on the hay stack, so they hurried to the house. The next morning they could see where someone had lain in the hay, and there were horse "sings" where a horse had been tied to the corral.

They had community dances at the schoolhouse. A young couple from Ten Sleep was hired to play. They played till midnight and went home. The people wanted to dance longer, so George Brown would play his fiddle, and Florence chordeed on the organ. Grandma told her girls to dance with anyone who asked them as long as he behaved himself.

Clarence and Florence had four children- Frances Pauline June 16, 1916, Thelma Vivian Dec. 6, 1918, Clarence Marvin July 30, 1921, and Theron Russell Sept. 12, 1927. When her mother died almost three months before Theron was born, it was especially hard for her. Her mother had attended her when Pauline and Marvin were born, and she expected to have Grandma with her when Theron was born.

It was a high day for us when the Minn. Woolen Mills salesman came. Dad always bought black winter underwear. One fall they said Thelma and I : could each pick out a sweater. we wanted the pull-over type. The salesman said they would mess our hair up putting them on and off. when they came, they were buttoned. we never liked them. Once on the way home from school we stated a fire in the bar pit. we got afraid it would get away from us, so we beat it out with those sweaters. I don't remember that it burned them. Later I left mine down by the garden in a tree, and the next spring it was so faded I didn't wear it anymore.

Dad was a hard worker and never took much time off for pleasure. But all was put aside when his friend, Jim Yorgason, stopped by. His home was in Burlington, and he brought his sheep to the mountain near the folks'. He was the only one Mom gave up her bed to. They'd talk and giggle way into the night. we kids enjoyed his visits too, listening to his stories as only he could tell them. No matter if he told some over each time he came.

Mike Tuork helped Dad in the sheep camp. When he came to the wagon for breakfast, he'd say to Pauline, "Girl, girl. Better dress up. I gonna eat all da cream." One of the herders was Charley Jones.

Dad and Archie Jacobs went into partnership. Archie's wife, Grace, was Mom's cousin. They got the "scab" in their sheep and had to dip them. They put the sheep through a vat with some kind of disinfectant in the water. Dad walked along by the vat, and when he saw one that wasn't completely under, he pushed them down. His arms were burned to the elbow. It was so painful, he wrapped his arms. This was a costly experience. When the bank wouldn't renew the mortgage, they lost the sheep and ranch.

he walked the floor at night.

The folks and Jacobs decided to go to Washington "to seek their fortune". While they were in Wallace, Idaho, a western movie was being filmed. Dad and Archie were hired as part of the crowd. They visited Uncle Silas Arledge in Washington. After being gone 6 weeks, they were glad to be home in Wyoming again. For awhile Dad hauled freight between Ten Sleep and Worland. Not on the kind of roads we have today. If a storm came, he would be far into the night getting home through the gumbo. In the winter he hauled props from the mountain to the coal mines in Gebo., and bring *bring* coal on the return trip. In the spring he hauled wool. If we wanted to go with him to Worland, we had to get up at 4 A.M.

In 1928 the Seventh Day Adventist church opened a private school, and Pauline, Thelma, and Marvin attended it until we moved to Billy Atkinson's ranch on Crooked Creek. There were 6 of us, and we lived on \$50 a month. Dad always planted a big garden, and Mom canned everything. We had milk and eggs. They went to Hyattville for apples in the fall. Mom made apple, plum, and chokecherry butter in five gal crocks. Dad hunted wild game. A pair of saddle oxfords cost \$1.98 then.

Dad farmed and worked in the sheep camps over the years around Big Tails and Ten Sleep. He worked for Walter Viscus, Harold Pearson, Greet Bros., Red Hulsey, and Charley Ford. *and others*

During the war Dad worked in a furniture store in Powell. Marvin was drafted in California, and Theron was in the navy. Marvin was killed in the crash of a B 17 in Maine. *July 11, 1944* he plane flew into a mountain. He is buried in Ten Sleep.

One thing we always teased Dad about was his wanting to sleep in his own bed. He'd plan ahead so they couldn't stay all night when they came to Worland to shop.

Clarence and Florence wain

Maybe he would leave the water running on the yard so they'd have to go home. Once in awhile Mom would say, "I'm going to town, and I'm going to stay all night. If you want to go, you are welcome, but I'm staying all night". He usually came.

The three older children graduated from Campion Academy in Loveland, Colo. (Aschoo operated by Seventh Day Adventists for high school age students.) Thelma and Pauline went on to Union College in Lincoln, Nebr. Thelma later went to Calif. and finished nurses' training. When she was in Mexico, the folks spent some time with her. They went to Calif. several times in the winter.

There was one man that no child of that day would ever forget-Frank Woods. He was part owner of Woods and Conner store. When a child was sent to the store by his parents, you can be sure he went to Woods and Conner because Mr. Woods gave each child a piece of candy. Good advertising.

The folks celebrated their 50th anniversary in 1964 at their home in Ten Sleep with a reception by their children. Stella, her brides maid, was able to attend.

Dad had a stroke, and Mom took care of him as long as she could. We were able to get him into the facility in Basin that had been the T.B. Sanitarium. He died there Dec. 4, 1966.

Mom continued to live in their home. In winter she came to Worland and stayed with Archie and me. She had a stroke. She was in the nursing home connected to the hospital in Cody until there was an opening in the Bethesda Health Care Center in Worland. She died there June 11, 1977.